WHIMS OF THE SEASICK FOLKS.

THE SHIP'S SURGEON TELLS OF THEIR CRANKY WAYS.

Many Who've Escaped It for Years Are Taken Ill at Unexpected Times —Touches Them on Their Pride—The Will of the Disgusted Philadelphian.

"It's queer how reluctant these veteran voyagers are to admit that it's possible for them to get seasick," said a ship's surgeon attached to a big Atlantic liner. "I had one of them on this last westward trip. He's an elderly man well known around the New York clubs. He'd been across the Atlantic from New York twenty-seven times—six of the round trips with me on this ship—and had made two complete tours of the world on yachts without ever suffering once from seasickness. All of that made him believe, naturally enough, I suppose, that he was immune. But nobody is absolutely immune from it, and I could offer hundreds of instances in proof of this contention.

"We had a bad second day out this trip, and the sensitive old gentleman, to his astonishment, chagrin and actual grief, was compelled to turn in with a wretched case of seasickness. He rolled around in his bunk in great misery for twenty-four hours before he would allow the steward to call me. He hated to have me know that he was seasick, for he had often boasted to me in his pleasant way of his immunity from seasickness.

" 'Just a little case of disordered stomach, doctor,' he said to me when I dropped in upon him, although he was groaning in his distress.

" 'Yes, yes,' I said; with what gravity I could, for I was more than willing to allow him to believe that I didn't even suspect he was suffering from seasickness. 'Probably some little indiscretion in eating.'

" 'That's it!' he exclaimed, raising himself up in his bunk and resting on an elbow. 'I knew infernally well that I should never have eaten that confounded herring and cucumber salad in Stockholm.'

" 'Stockholm?' I couldn't help but say in my surprise. 'Why, when were you in Stockholm?'

" 'Six weeks ago; blame it all!' the kindly old boy groaned, and of course I had to look the other way to hide my grin. He was on deck a couple of days later, looking pretty pallid.

" 'First bilious attack I've had in twenty years,' he said to me, solemnly. 'Man can't be too careful of what he eats in these European cities—such infernal messes as some of us do tackle.'

"I have no doubt that he believes yet—and I hope he does—that I didn't suspect he was seasick.

"I had another case of that curious seasick sensitiveness a few eastward trips back. The victim was another affable old boy who'd made eighteen round trips on the Atlantic, some of them with me, without ever having to turn in on account of seasickness. I suppose there was nothing in this amiable old gentleman's life of which he was more proud than that, with all of his voyaging, he had never been seasick.

"On this last voyage of his he was accompanied by one of his old cronies who had never crossed the ocean before. I heard the 'immune' bragging to his crony while we glided down the bay of the freedom from seasickness that he'd always enjoyed, and he was extremely solicitous about his companion in that respect.

" 'You're bound to get it, old man,' I heard him say, 'but you don't want to take it to heart too much, and the doctor'll fix you up all right.'

" 'But,' suggested his crony; 'why am I bound to get it if you never got it?'

" 'Oh, I'm one out of the million in that respect,' replied the kindly old chap, somewhat grandiloquently. 'My case is extraordinarily exceptional. Now, when you feel it coming on you—you'll probably feel it shortly after we swing by the Hook—you want to just turn in as quick as you can, and take it easy,' and he went ahead with an elaborate bunch of explanations as to what his friend should do when he felt the seasickness gripping him.

"We stepped into a nasty squall that kicked up a cross-sea shortly after rounding the Hook, and presently the steward summonded me to the seasoned old voyager's cabin, which communicated with that of his crony.

"The old boy was as white as a napkin and stretched out on his bunk. His friend sat beside him, and when I entered the cabin the crony slyly bestowed upon me one of the most significant and meaningful winks I ever saw.

" 'Doctor,' the seasick old gentleman blurted out as soon as he saw me, 'this scoundrelly whiffet of a ruffian here,' pointing to his crony, 'is trying to poison me. I can't imagine what in blazes his object is, but that's what he's trying to do. He gave me one of those dad-gummed bottled cocktails that he carries around with him a few minutes ago, and here I am knocked into a cocked hat and poisoned if ever a man was poisoned!'

" 'Maybe,' said I, giving his crony the office, 'you drank the cocktail too soon after your breakfast.'

" 'Well, it may be that,' said the old gentleman, somewhat mollified when he thought he saw that I didn't suspect what really ailed him. 'But whatever it is I'm so infernally sick at the stomach that I can hardly see out of my eyes, and if there's anything you can——'

" 'I s'pose it can't be,' put in his crony at that point, giving me another of those shrewd winks, 'that you're seasick, John?'

" 'Seasick!' bellowed the ill old gentleman. 'Seasick! Doctor, throw him out of the room for me, will you? Seasick! Me seasick, after all the years I've been crossing this duck pond with never a symptom of seasickness, and never likely to have one—doctor, if you don't throw him out I'll ring for my steward and have him fetch a couple of coal heavers up here to throw him out. Me seasick!' and then he was obliged to forego any further conversation on the subject for reasons which I could not, with delicacy, give in detail.

"He was a sad looking old gentleman when I got him out on deck three days later, and I think the fact that his crony hadn't missed a meal served to increase his sadness.

" 'Well, I'll have to alter my tour this summer, now,' he said to me with great gravity, when he got on deck. 'I was going to do the English cathedral towns thoroughly again, but now that I've found out that my liver is in such a bad way—nothing in the world but liver ails me—I'm going to Carlsbad to take the waters,' and of course I had to recommend that course, for I knew the waters couldn't hurt him half as much as the conviction expressed by me that he'd actually been suffering from seasickness.

"The first visitation of seasickness suffered by a grouchy old Philadelphia man of wealth who had been voyaging on the Atlantic for forty years before being downed by it served to make him about the angriest human being I ever saw in all my experience.

" 'I want you to find out for me,' he stormed at me on the second day of his seasickness—and he had a really acute attack—'if there's a lawyer on board this blasted craft. If there is one, I want you to send him here to me at once. I'm going to make a new will.'

"Seasick people, especially nervous and elderly ones, have got to be coddled in their whims, and so I went to a very renowned New York lawyer who was on board and told him about the old Philadelphian and his request for a lawyer. The lawyer, understanding the situation at once, accompanied me to the cabin of the seasick old Philadelphian.

" 'Are you a lawyer?' the old gentleman growled at the jurist when he entered the cabin with me. I didn't think it worth while to tell the old party just then that the man with me was not only a famous lawyer but that he was on his way to Europe to take an Ambassador's post.

" 'Well, I was admitted to the bar some little time ago,' replied the noted legal light, with all the solemnity in the world.

" 'Do you know how to draw up a will?' went on the groaning old Philadelphian.

" 'I've drawn up several,' replied the noted lawyer, never cracking the symptom of a smile.

" 'Well, I'll tell you what I want you to do,' growled the old gentleman in the bunk. 'I'm So-and-So,' mentioning his name, a more than good one in Philadelphia, 'and, so far as I'm able to reckon it I'm worth considerably more than a million dollars. I made a will three years ago, but I want it revoked, of course, in the will that I'm going to make now.

" 'I want to leave every confounded cent I own in the world in the shape of a permanent fund, to be safely invested for all time, and the interest of which to be devoted to the study, by experts, of the causes leading up to seasickness, blast it, and the eventual extinction of seasickness, if such a thing be possible, dad-bing it! You draw it up that way, and get some witnesses, and I'll sign it, and then I'll die content, eternally drat the measly thing, anyhow!' and he turned his face to the wall and groaned horribly.

"The distinguished lawyer was able to contain himself until he got out of the cabin, but he had a fine old laugh of it when he reached the dock. He drew up the will in exact accordance with the old gentleman's wish, taking care, however, as became a cautious lawyer, to frame up and have a couple of us sign a statement of the circumstances under which the will was made in case anything really serious should happen to the old gentleman. The Philadelphian read the will over carefully, signed his name to it after the steward and I had affixed our names as witnesses, and then turned to the wall again and continued his moaning.

"I had him on deck a couple of days later, and then the distinguished lawyer and Ambassador returned the will to the elderly party, who tore it up and tossed the fragments into the sea with a weak laugh.

" 'I won't go back on it that that's just the way I felt about it at the time I had you draw that fool document up, though,' he said. 'The idea of an old fogy like me, that's been danced up and down most of the seven seas for about ten years more than a generation, getting doubled up at last the way I was—wasn't it enough to make any man feel like leaving everything he possessed to a home for indigent cats?'

"I've known men who have followed the sea all of their lives to become deadly seasick for the first time when the snow was in their hair, and there are plenty of skippers in command of steamers traversing the western ocean who become more or less seasick every time they go to sea on every voyage. In all navies there are officers and men who've never done anything else but follow the sea who are gripped by the sickness of the sea every time they put out of a port.

"One of the most disgusted sailormen I ever clapped eye upon was one who crossed to England on this ship a couple of summers back. He started the voyage as a first cabin passenger. He had spent over twenty years before the mast as an A. B. before drifting into the Klondike country, where he struck it rich. He was on his way back to his home in England with his sizeable bankroll, and he took passage in the first cabin to see how it would feel to be a pampered idler at sea.

"This hardy roamer of outlandish seas was on the flat of his muscular back with a vicious case of seasickness before the ship had well rounded Sandy Hook, and when I went to see him I found him fairly snorting in his wrath.

" 'Me,' he was growling to the wall, 'a bleedin' bloke of a flat foot an' shellback that's been chewin' salt 'orse and cracker-'ash ever since Hi was knee 'igh t' th' bottom o' Stepney Stairs—me, a bloody, bloomin' cap'n o' th' fore-top on a coffin ship two year before hi was hever able t' sing a bass note or shave me own mug—me, that's been slam-bangin' an' fizz-giggin' from Birken'ead t' th' Straits o' Sunda an' from Penzance t' Nagasaki all me bloomin' life—'ere Hi be a-sprawlin' on me bloody back, seasick, by th' 'orns of th' devil, like a bloomin' nussgal a-crossin' th' bloody channel f'r th' fust time—bloime me!'

"I had the greatest imaginable difficulty in soothing that angry deep weather man, and when I got him out a couple of days later the very first thing he did was to report to the first officer and ask to be put to work. He told the first officer that he'd never been cut out for a bloomin' idler on board any kind of a ship and that if he didn't have some kind o' ship's work to do—any kind on deck, so that it would keep him busy—he felt confident that he'd be sprawling on his back, seasick, the first time the ship ran into the least bit of nasty weather—so bloody fine ladyish had he got, he added.

"The first officer balked over giving a man who had paid for his first cabin passage any kind of work to do, but the man insisted, so some dungarees were dug out of the slop chest for him and he went to work on deck, taking his regular watches at paint scrubbing and bright work polishing, and messing down below with his mates at that work. He was perfectly cheerful and happy at the work and didn't see his first cabin again till he'd washed off down below at the end of the voyage and came above to pack his dunnage.

"Cure for seasickness? There isn't any. But seasickness cures plenty of other things. Plenty of high living rounders make an annual sea trip nowadays for the sole and deliberate purpose of becoming seasick. They maintain that it does them more good to pass through a thoroughly rough case of seasickness than it does to knock off everything and go to those fixup places run by former athletes for the benefit of men who live the strenuous life for the greater part of the year."

SOLDIERS WEAR GOOD SHOES.

Uncle Sam's Footgear Well Made and Well Suited to Its Purposes.

"Uncle Sam keeps well in mind the saying 'A man is not well dressed unless he wears a good pair of shoes,'" said a Government inspector, "for he takes care that the army is fitted out with the most comfortable and nattiest of footwear.

"To be sure, he does not go in for upper jawed, flaring soles, or twisted, ugly toes, but he provides the finest of leather and insists that the boots for his soldiers shall be well made. His inspectors look after the shoes at every process in their manufacture, and any short cut of leather or negligently placed nails that might result in corns or sore feet are pointed out with condemning fingers and the boots are thrown aside.

"Once in a while the style in army shoes changes and then a big batch of shoes will be thrown on the market, which merchants eagerly gobble up. The man who buys those shoes will not get a new style army shoe, but he gets the finest shoe on the market for high grade leather and good workmanship.

"The United States Army marching shoe of to-day has a cap and is a shoe for a man to be proud of. The cap is not only over the toe, but across the heel, and it gives just that touch of ornamentation which the well dressed man likes.

"Its sole is only moderately heavy, and the leather is the best box calf. It is eight and a half inches high. It has five eyelets at the bottom of the lacing, then five hooks, and at the top of the shoe is another eyelet, a combination of fastenings which has been tried out and found to be the best for getting the shoe on quickly and for strength.

"The garrison shoe is built on similar lines, only it is six and a half inches high and has a plain toe. Some of them have caps at toe and heel, but for the most part they are plain.

"Contrary to popular belief, Uncle Sam does allow his soldier boys to wear a low shoe or Oxford, although it is never worn on the march. They are more for undress and are made of dongola kid and are called gymnasium shoes."

SH! THE QUEEN OF CHINATOWN!

NEW THRILLS FOR PITTSBURG SPORTS IN RUBBERNECKS.

She's at the Head of All Highbinders and Comes From Plainfield, N.J., and Smokes Opium, and My! How She Can Talk if You Don't Tip Her Before You Go

It is the witchng hour of midnight on Doyers street. No sound breaks the stillness save the dignified chug chug of the rubberneck wagon as it turns around the corner from the Bowery. The vehicle is full—a likely crowd from Pittsburg, Duffey's Corners and points west.

The wagon stops and the passengers alight. As the crowd moves off to see the Chinese Delmonico's, the joss house and all of the stock properties of the Tours to Chinatown by Midnight, one of the guides mysteriously taps Smithins of Allegheny city on the arm and draws him to one side.

"Hush! How many's in your party—three? Good. Want to see something we don't show to every tourist? Just to a few people who want to see the real thing—people who know, like yourself, and who won't peach?

"Come with me and I will show you. Ss-h! not a word! the Queen of Chinatown. Smokes hop—married to one of the big men of this district, a Chinaman—head of all the Highbinders."

Thrills chase one another up Smithins's spinal marrow. He taps Mrs. Smithins and Cousin George on the arm and breathes a word into their ears.

The three sports from Allegheny City huddle into the shadow of the wagon until the common mob ahead has turned the corner; then they follow the guide on tiptoe around to a dark door. Here he stops them.

"Now you stay here a minute until I go up and see if the Queen is in. When you hear three low whistles—just like this—you push open this door and come up the stairs inside. I will wait for you on the landing. Don't be afraid; nothing will happen, for I will be there."

Mrs. Smithins clutches her husband's arm and shivers when the guide slips into the dark doorway and shuts the door behind him. Cousin George throws his cigarette away and straightens out his necktie.

After a minute the three soft whistles sound from within the passageway. Smithins boldly pushes open the door and the three swiftly edge their way into the narrow passageway.

At the head of a short flight of stairs ahead of them burns a smoky lamp. In the blurred light stands the guide, with his finger to his lips. A sibilant whisper comes down the stairway

"Keep quiet."

Once at the top of the stairs, the guide motions them to stand back in the shadow. He steps up to a door and knocks twice, pauses, then another knock. A muffled voice sounds from within.

"It's Frank," whispers the guide through the keyhole.

There is a sound of bolts being drawn and chains dropped, then the door opens a crack and the head of the Queen of Chinatown appears, aureoled by a dingy glow from an oil lamp within. It is not a pleasant head to look at and Mrs. Smithins gurgles in sudden fright.

The three tried sports from Allegheny are ushered into the Queen's room and disposed on two chairs and a trunk. Perhaps they are a bit disappointed at the lack of regal atmosphere manifest in the room's appointments.

There is a very ordinary bureau with pictures of actresses stuck in the frame around the glass, a solid looking bed with an opium layout on the soiled counterpane, and pegs supporting two dirty skirts and a waist, the wardrobe of the Queen. That is all.

The Queen, garbed in a dirty pink wrapper and with her coiffure somewhat mussed, greets the visitors with a languid stare. Mrs. Smithins feels the gooseflesh rise as she notes the pasty, wrinkled face above the pink wrapper, the blackcircled eyes and the scraggy neck, where the flesh has fallen away from the tendons, leaving the protruding thorax to register each word spoken by nervous jerkings. The Queen has skinny hands and her forearms are like pipestems.

She clambers over her opium layout on the dirty counterpane and huddles up, a dirty bundle, head on pillow and skinny fingers playing nervously with the top of a carved opium box. She dips a mixer into the black paste, twirls it and brings up a gummy drop to fry over the flame of her spirit lamp. Then as she alternately toasts the opium and rolls it on the edge of her pipe bowl, the Queen begins to talk in a high pitched whine.

"Some people wot hits de pipe quits after a while. I can't quit; I got the habit. I been hittin' the pipe for twelve years now an' if I should cut it out for a day I'd go crazy."

"Lord, John, take me out of this smelly hole." This from Mrs. Smithins, who is not so much of a sport as the guide thought her.

"Hush, Mary! Let's hear what this woman has to say."

"I wuz born in Plainfield over in Jersey," wails the Queen as her nervous fingers twirl the bubbling drop of opium over the flame. "My name wuz Mamie Burns. But I guess I've got no name now 'cept my old man's name. He's a Chink; name's George Yee; that's his mug over on the wall.

"I 'member when I wuz a kid I used to go out and pick wild flowers and see de boids. Ah-h-h, so long ago, so long ago! Now I just lies here and hits the black smoke. I never gets a ray of sunshine, never sees de blue light er heaven."

The Queen's voice trails off in a snivel. Mrs. Smithins is visibly moved to tears and Cousin George looks stern. The Queen begins to tamp the bead of cooked opium into the hole in the pipe bowl, droning on the while in her nasal wail.

"When you hits de pipe you loses all your appetite. You don't want anything 'cept sweet stuff an' coffee. I ain't seen a decent chunk of meat goin' on this toid week."

"Of course you don't eat regularly," interjects the guide in a tone of official suggestion.

"'Course I don't," whines Queen Mamie. "I ain't seen an egg for two years. I ain't eat a turnip nor a radish for nigh onto that same time. I only eats sweet stuff—apple pie an' chink candy wot my old man gives me."

The Queen has the bowl charged now and she takes long, rattling sucks on the open end of the pipe while the ball of opium spits brown beads and the odor of roasted peanuts fills the room.

Mrs. Smithins, who has been growing more and more nervous during the Queen's soliloquy, breaks out:

"But, my poor woman, why don't you leave this horrid room and get out into the free air of the country somewhere? My husband and I know a nice place up in the mountains—up at Mrs. Cole's, near Blue Fork, you know, John, dear—where I am sure you would be welcome and where you would get nice fresh air, good sunshine and—and, oh, everything that you haven't got here."

Mrs. Smithins shows signs of incipient hysteria as she glares at the soiled figure in the circling eddies of smoke.

"'Tain't no use, 'tain't no use talkin'," moans the Queen between puffs at the pipe. "I made me bed an' I gotter lie in it, as the Bible uster say w'en I wuz a Sunday school kid back in Plainfield. T'anks very much, lady, for your kind advice, but it's me for de black smoke until I passes in." The Queen gulps down a stage sob.

"John," commands Mrs. Smithins, who is not a sport, "I will not stay here another minute. I'll faint or something if I smell this horrid smoke any longer. Take me out immediately."

John, who is not so much of a sport either as he was when he came in gets up to go. The guide nudges him and there is an embarrassing pause.

Mr. Smithins makes a tentative pass at his waistcoat pocket with his forefinger. Mrs. Smithins sees the motion.

"John Smithins, if you give that woman any money to get that horrid drug with I'll never respect you again. Shame on you!"

"But, my dear, the guide says it's customary, and anyway——"

"I think the guide is perfectly horrid to ever bring a lady into this vile den, anyway. Come, this minute."

Mr. Smithins and Cousin George begin to move apologetically from the Queen's bed, when that royal person drops her pipe and jumps up spryly.

"Youse a bunch of cheap jays, every one of youse! I wouldn't dirty up my room wid such trash as youse! Yes, you'd better take de hike, you purty bunch of skirts, you! Me for de lovely sky an' de fillie-loo boids up at Mrs. Cole's, indeed! Well, youse can all go plumb to de middle of 'hell an' den some more. It's 2$ for youse."

The Queen follows the three sporting persons from Allegheny to the head of the stairs and her wonderful vocabulary floats down the stairway after them in corruscating segments.

The guide is coarse in his remarks when the street is finally gained.

"What can you expect if you hold up on her dope?" says the guide. "A party of three is usually good for at least two bones, and Mamie expects us guides to shake down about a dollar besides next day. You say you come from Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, don't you?"

This last with withering sarcasm.

"John," says Mrs. Smithins to Mr. Smithins an hour afterward, when they are in the seclusion of their third floor front on Washington Square, "do you know, I don't believe that woman is any such thing as Queen of Chinatown!"

STARTING THE CLOCKS.

With Whose Cheerful Ticking Life Is Renewed in the Reopened House.

"The first thing we do, always, on our return from the mountains or the seashore," said Mr. Penguin, "is to start the clocks. Shut in and silent as the house had seemed when we opened its doors, it all comes natural and homelike again when we hear their friendly, familiar voices, which seemed to say 'Good-by' to us when we went away and which now welcome us home.

"Of even temper and imperturbably cheerful, our friends, the clocks."

MRS. O'SHEA SEEKS A JOB FOR MICKEY

And Mickey, on the Verge of Bondage, Executes the Resolve of Desperation.

The obvious necessity of needlework application to Mickey's one pair of trousers effectually corralled him in his own bed for one night at least, and Mrs. O'Shea sat by the light of her kitchen lamp critically inspecting the small garment.

"Maggie!"

"Yes, ma."

"Rin down, darlin', to the samestress on the flure below an' ask has she a bit of a spool of black thread that she kin let me have the loan of, and I'd take it kindly if she'd a nadle to spare as well, fer I'm after puttin' a patch on Mickey's pants so as he'll look dacent to take the new place he's got in the marnin'."

"I didn't know Mickey had a place, ma."

"Well, he ain't rightly got it yit, but he will have whin I take him down in the marnin' to see the gintleman."

"What doin', ma?"

"I doan't rightly know; it's somethin' in a gintleman's office, and he's to git three dollars the wake. I seen it in the paper."

"Ain't that grand! Does Mickey know?"

"Sure he do not. I'll tell him when I have him safe under me thumb at the dure and not before. He's that slippery. Rin, Maggie, and fetch me the thread and the nadle, now."

Presently Maggie returned from a successful quest.

"She wants to know, ma, can she come up and boil a kittle of water on our stove 'cause her fire's out."

"The narve of some people, always a-borryin'. It's a wonder to me she don't ask the loan of me flour barrel by day and me bed by night. Tell her sartinly, Maggie, but don't be too cordial."

The seamstress duly arrived, kettle in hand, and Mrs. O'Shea received her graciously.

"Set down while ye'r waitin' fer the wather to bile, it's just as chape. Maggie, fetch a chair fer Mrs. Nolan. Sure, I've a fire; thank God we ain't so hard up we have to do widout, tho' it's an arful ixpince, to be sure, and I was just about to cover it up fer the night whin ye sint up word that ye'd like the use of it.

"No thruble at arl, I don't begrudge it to ye; hilp yerself to the wather, Mrs. Nolan; there's plinty of it. Is the nadle and thread workin' satisfactory, did ye ask? Fairly so, Mrs. Nolan, the nadle do be a bit rusty, but I suppose it's the best ye had.

"Yes, Mickey's got a place; it's time the spalpeen was a-wurkin'. He's gittin' that wild, runnin' the strates from marnin' till marnin' sometimes; unless I have me eye on him constant, I doan't know where he's at."

Within the adjacent room, if one had peered into the darkness, might have been seen a small object pronely propelling itself by a series of snakelike undulations across the floor till it reached the threshold, where it lay concealed by the partition, with one alert eye and ear turned toward the group in the kitchen.

"If he's a wurkin'," continued Mrs. O'Shea, "it'll kape him arf the strates, which'll ba a good thing, I dunno, and I'll tell the boss if he nades a batin' not to have no dilicacy on my account, fer it's only what's comin' to him annyway. An' besides thot, the three dollars a wake that he's airnin' will buy some real stylish clothes fer Maggie whin she's after goin' into sassiety this winter.

"Must ye be goin', Mrs. Nolan? Well, ye'r wilcum to the hot wather intoirely, don't spake of it. I've no doubt you'll be glad to return the favor some time."

It required no little encouragement to get Mickey out of bed next morning. Mrs. O'Shea herself was up early and had washed and ironed a small shirt before the breakfast hour, but on trying to arouse her son from slumber she encountered difficulty.

If sonorous and labored breathing indicated anything, Mickey was wrapped in a profound sleep. She called him, without avail; she shook him gently, then forcibly, and finally his eyes opened reluctantly.

"Git up out o' this if ye don't want me to warm ye good."

"Oh, ma, I'm so sick!"

"Sick, eh, where do ye be sick?"

"It's a fierce pain in me back, ma."

She dragged him out and looked him over.

"Sure it's too bad ye'r sick wid Maggie frying pancakes fer yer breakfast."

Mickey scanned the vista through the open door.

"I might eat a few," he vouchsafed warily.

"How kin ye ate if ye have a pain in yer stomach?"

"Well, I have, but——"

"Ye little divil! Ye said it was yer back! Now git into yer clothes quick and doan't let me hear anny more about bein' sick. I'm after takin' ye down town this marnin'."

Mickey with mournful aspect assumed his apparel, creating diversions to delay the process as long as possible—the starch in his clean shirt hurt, and he refused to put it on till it had been smoothed and softened by the patient Maggie—his reenforced trousers he objected to because he was used to them the other way.

When it came to washing his face, the combined strength and strategy of his mother and sister were required to perform the operation, and when Maggie tied her red hair ribbon around his neck as a crowning adornment, his spirit was broken and he was led crushed and humbled to further sacrifice.

However, the pancakes revived him somewhat, and aroused enough interest in forthcoming events to make him inquire:

"Where are we goin' at?"

"Ain't I afther tellin' ye onct? On the strate car, and if ye'r a good b'y I'll let ye pay the fare and take the transfares."

"But where are we goin' at?"

"Ye'll know whin we git there. Come along now widout anny more thrubble."

As a precautionary measure she held his hand all the way down and it was only at the entrance to the big office building that she confessed that he was going into bondage, that the end of his glorious, lawless freedom was at hand and slavery perpetual, eternal, was his portion henceforth, and as the whole horrible truth burst upon him he stood stock still, closed his eyes, opened his mouth and howled.

It was the threatened approach of the policeman on the corner that caused him finally to desist and tear stained and fiercely rebellious he was taken to the office door, which to Mickey was but another kind of prison bar.

"Good marnin', sor. I seen yer advertisement fer a b'y; here he is. Mickey, take arf yer hat.

"Ye want a b'y fer gineral office wurk? Yis, sor. Mickey, tell the gintleman how long ye bin to school."

"I do' wanter."

A surreptitious pinch did not tend to increase his peace of mind.

"Axperience? Sure he's had axperience; mebbe not in this kind o' business, but he's quick at larnin', sor."

"Don't know nothin' about no kind o' business," muttered Mickey.

"An' he's such a good b'y, sor," patting her offspring's head.

"Ain't, neither. I'm the toughest kid in Hell's Kitchen."

It was barely audible, but she gave him a glance that threatened to start again the overflow of anguish.

"Rather small, did ye say, sor? Oh, not at arl, sor, he ain't so small as he looks, by far. Stand up straight, Mickey.

"Ye say ye want an older b'y? Sure Mickey's plinty old, he's goin' on fourteen, sor."

"Ain't. I'm only nine."

"An' he's that smart."

Things looked dubious for Mickey, for the gentleman was smiling broadly. Mrs. O'Shea, accepting this as a favorable augury, beamed complaisantly in return, and into Mickey's eyes came the resolve of desperation.

Behind his mother's broad back he took his stand and when the amused contemplation of his possible employer wandered to his face it met a countenance like unto a gargoyle of the furies, with the additional adornment of five contemptuously wiggling fingers.

"What, sor? Ye don't think Mickey'll do? Well, sor, let me tell ye, sor, ye won't find an O'Shea ivery day in the wake, but it's yer own affair intirely, Sor, and if ye live to regret it don't fergit ye had yer chance. Come Mickey, darlin'."

Outside a firm hand closed over Mickey's arm and quite a different intonation penetrated his innermost consciousness.

"Ye little divil! Wait till I git ye home; jist wait!"

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL

Which Brought a Carload of Delayed Passengers Back to Cheerfulness.

It was hot, decidedly hot, and sticky and uncomfortable; and the people marooned or, more accurately speaking, sidetracked, in this parlor car were, and it was natural enough, perhaps, in the circumstances that they should be, a little inclined to be peevish.

They had come down a branch road of the main line in a train that was so big and heavy with people returning from their vacations that it had failed to make schedule time and so had failed to connect with the main line train on which they should have been sent forward and their car had been sidetracked here to wait for the next one. The delay alone would have been irksome, but the heat and the stickiness of the day made it doubly so, and as already stated the passengers in this car were beginning to get somewhat peevish, but a temporary relief from this situation was at hand.

On a track parallel to and in plain view from this parlor car and with its baggage car directly opposite to it was a train made up at this station and about to depart from it in another direction. And presently there was driven along in the space between the parlor car and that train an express wagon with a load of stuff to go in that baggage car.

It was a varied load of stuff with which this wagon was filled, including away up at its forward end by the driver's seat a parlor organ, with no box or crate upon it, no covering whatever; a parlor organ shipped just as it had been taken out of the room in which it had stood. And the people in the parlor car were all interested in this wagon, and they were all particularly interested in the parlor organ and they all wondered why it should have been shipped in just that manner. But the most interesting thing about the parlor organ was yet to come.

There were two men with the wagon, which backed up with its tailboard at the side door of the baggage car, into which they now began to unload; and when they had got all the stuff but the organ out of the wagon and one of the two men was wrestling with the last other package of the load down at the end of the wagon in the doorway of the car, the other man opened the lid of the parlor organ up at the forward end of the wagon and began to play upon it.

And when they heard the music everybody in the parlor car came to that side to see the expressman organist play and to listen to the music. This was an incident of novelty and interest; and, as they looked and listened they felt a gentle bump on their own car, and a minute later they were flying on their way on the end of a main line through.

And if you had looked at the erstwhile somewhat inclined to be peevish passengers in this parlor car, now you would have imagined that while they thought it certainly would pass for tolerably hot sort of weather, yet there might be worse days than this.

COLLEGE COOPERATIVE STORES.

They Pay Dividends and Give Rebates While Increasing Stock.

The Harvard Cooperative Society has since its organization paid back to its members over $100,000 in dividends, does annually a business of over a quarter of a million dollars, has over three thousand members, employs over forty clerks and transacts its business in a four story structure which it owns outright.

The Cornell Cooperative Store has been so successful that in 1905 it became incorporated. According to a pamphlet published by the American College Stores Corporation, it does annually a volume of business amounting to $50,000.

Princeton organized and incorporated during the present year a society with sales that already approach nearly $50,000, with over 90 per cent. of students cooperative members.

At Berkeley, Cal., the college cooperative store has been able to give an 8 per cent. rebate to purchasers at the end of each of the three years just past, meanwhile increasing and improving its stock.

THE BAYMEN'S HARVEST TIME.

LONG ISLANDERS GET BUSY WHEN A SHIP STRANDS.

A Reef on Which Many Vessels Strike —Gathering in the Cargo Thrown Overboard—A Tide of Lemons and Pumice Stone Last June—The Good Old Days When Fishermen Drank Wine.

Extending the entire length of the south shore of Long Island there is a narrow fin of sand which is one of the most dangerous reefs in the world. Almost every year a vessel goes ashore on the bar somewhere between Long Beach and Montauk Point. When such a thing happens the baymen who live along the south shore of the mainland, five miles across Great South Bay, get busy.

At daybreak the next morning, for vessels as a rule go ashore during the night, a flotilla of fishing boats puts off from Long Island filled with baymen armed with boats hooks, scapnets and anything else that comes handy. By the time they reach the beach the captain has, as a rule, started to lighten the vessel by throwing cargo overboard. Wading into the surf they work for hours, sometimes all day, trying to save whatever comes within reach.

The last ship to go ashore on the bar was the Vincenzo Bonnano, an Italian fruiter bearing its owner's name. She had a full cargo of limes, lemons, raisins, wine and pumicestone.

One morning early in June of this year a thick fog blotted out all of the coast. It was so dense that the skipper did not see the Fire Island light, not a half a mile away, until the growl of the breakers told him he had grounded.

The sailors sent up rockets, and a lifeboat manned by some of the summer cottagers living at Point o' Woods, a little to the eastward, put out with a line. The frightened sailors did not see them coming and were making frantic efforts to get the ship afloat by throwing boxes of lemons overboard. Some of the boxes narrowly missed the lifeboat.

Altogether some 3,000 boxes of fine Messina lemons went into the sea before the captain realized his helplessness and decided to do nothing more until the morning. With daylight the fog lifted. The tide had receded and the big vessel was nearly high and dry upon the narrow strip of sand. Fire Island beach was only a few rods away.

By 8 o'clock the captain was surprised to see the beach opposite the ship alive with men who were working like mad dragging the boxes of lemons out of the surf. Some of the boxes had broken open, and there was a line of the yellow fruit as far as the eye could see. The baymen with their nets were gathering the floating lemons like crabs and piling them in heaps upon the sand.

The captain decided to go ashore, and hailed some of the men through a megaphone asking to have the lifeboat launched again. The baymen knew what that meant; that the captain would forbid any of them taking the salvage away.

Across the island, a quarter of a mile away behind the dunes, their boats were drawn up on the shore of the bay. The half clad dripping baymen worked like ants, and by the time the captain got ashore not a box of the fruit was left. From their boats, loaded to the gunwales, the grinning baymen waved the disconcerted captain farewell.

The Vincenzo Bonnano did not get off the reef for over a week. Lighters from New York, sent by a wrecking house, took off most of the cargo.

Hundreds of bags of pumicestone, though, were tumbled into the sea. The waves tore them open and washed bushels of the gray stones upon the beach. The captain took more care of the rest of the cargo, particularly the wine, and none of it was lost.

After waiting for days with watering mouths, watching the unloading of the wine, the disappointed baymen were forced to be satisfied with the pumicestone, and gathered it up so clean that not a piece as big as a marble was left. They shipped it to New York and divided the money.

There have been other wrecks from which the baymen have fared even better. A few years ago a coal barge went ashore some miles below Point o' Woods. The barge went to pieces on the reef and many a ton of coal was laboriously carried across the bay and stored in a bayman's woodshed.

Among other wrecks remembered by old inhabitants of the south shore of Long Island was that of a schooner rigged freighter laden with a cargo of wine that went ashore away back in the '70s. Hundreds of cases of champagne were washed ashore but the inhabitants had little time to carry it away.

The vessel was stranded early in the morning and word was sent immediately to the company's agents in New York. They sent a man by the first train to the beach opposite the wreck to save as much of the wine as possible.

But news of his coming did not take long to spread. While some of the boats put back across the bay to get a supply of shovels, gangs of men dug deep holes in the sand with sticks and shells and buried the precious bottles as fast as they came ashore. When the agent reached the beach there was not a case nor a bottle visible, except a heap of empty ones. One glance at the staggering fishermen told plainly enough what had become of their contents.

The vessel ultimately went to pieces and further consignments of the liquid cargo floated in on the waves. By that time, however, the agent had obtained men from the city to assist him, and most of it was recovered.

The baymen were afraid to dig up their caches while the agent was around, but as soon as he had gone a mile of the beach was dug up. Anxious searchers were digging for days after all trace of the vessel had disappeared.

For the balance of that winter many a meal of fish was eked out with a bottle of old wine.

The island at this point is considerably narrower now than it formerly was and high dunes of sand overlook the water. Old fishermen to this day will tell you that the change in the topography of the beach was caused by the excavating that went on there to recover the hidden plunder.

PENALTIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

Samples of Queer Epistles Received by Miss Beatrice Harraden.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is the recipient of many curious letters from unknown correspondents, a large proportion of whom are men. Shortly after the appearance of the German edition of "Ships That Pass in the Night" she received a letter from a German officer thanking her for the pleasure and stimulus he had derived from reading the book and assuring her that he "prayed for her every night." He further described himself somewhat minutely. As recorded in the *Grand Magazine*, he was 46 years of age and belonged to a Prussian cavalry regiment. It then appears to have occurred to the gentleman that he was writing to a single lady with whom he had no personal acquaintance, and, seized by the spirit of caution, he added the postscript: "This is not an offer of marriage!"

Men may humble themselves in the dust to lady novelists, but not so the American woman, especially when she chances to be a writer herself. She counts it her due "to be even" at all risks. Soon after the publication of "The Fowler" Miss Harraden received a letter from a lady in the States whose name she had never before heard.

The lady had, however, written a book and made the magnificent offer to send Miss Harraden a free copy on condition that the latter would send in return a copy of "The Fowler." There was to be no suggestion of favor in the matter. The great unknown magnanimously added, "though I am aware that my book is larger and costs more than yours, I am prepared to waive the difference in size and price!"

NEW ENGLAND ECONOMY DISPLAYED ON A TOMBSTONE.

It Is in the Cemetery at Granby, Mass.—The Owner, Gad C. Preston, Had to Use Both Sides to Record the Names of All His Dead Wives—There Were Six of Them.

ON FRONT OF TOMBSTONE.
Erected to the Memory of
Electa Barton, died March 14, 1824, aged 26 years.
Theodocia Church, died April 2, 1840, aged 45 years.
Mary Wood, died September 26, 1843, aged 45 years.
Lucy W. Alden, died August 20, 1844, aged 40 years.
Olive L. Arnold, died September 13, 1848, aged 35 years.
All Wives of Gad C. Preston.
Ephraim A., son of Gad C. and Olive L. Preston, died July 25, 1847, aged 9 months.

ON BACK OF TOMBSTONE.
Gad Clark Preston, died February 14, 1876, Æ. 81.
Mary B. Dimick, died June 7, 1870, Æ. 66 [a wife].
Clarissa Preston, died November 30, 1859, Æ. 21.